

Good Morning 215

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

All "Pent Up"
to say Hello
to you, P.O. Tel.
W. BLAKE

ANNE, youngest member of the Blake family, weighing twenty pounds nine ounces at nine months, is the toast of "Kirn," Dunoon, Argyshire.

When your wife takes baby shopping, P.O. Telegraphist W. Blake, the local folk invariably nudge each other and say, "Isn't she the loveliest baby you've ever seen?" or "Her father's away in submarines; won't he be proud of her when he comes home?"

Truth is, she is really a very lovely baby—and her teeth are coming on fine!

Your wife, too, is very fit, and all your folk at Plymouth are happy and well.

Bunty is better after a slight illness, and Pat, your young sister, is doing well.

Your wife saw Webley the other day; he was as bright as ever, and is expecting to go away soon.

Your wife hasn't been to Birkenhead since you were home last, but is looking forward to going down there again on your next leave. Another promise regarding your leave is that there will be plenty of stout awaiting you—and some new books, your wife assured us.

To close, Mrs. Blake sends a message: "Heaps more than the usual sixty-nine thousand times."



This East-End Kid came from a fighting Race

W. H. Millier
in his
"Golden Age
of Boxing"

ANY history of the ring which failed to include a few chapters devoted to the Jew in boxing would be woefully incomplete. Jewish boxers have undoubtedly earned a high place in the annals of fisticuffs.

In this I will not include promoters or managers, although there have been two or three notable exceptions in the way of honest managers who have done their utmost for their boxers rather than for themselves, but these are the select few.

The Jews as a race are not particularly noted for their physical courage, yet it is an extraordinary fact that of all the many hundreds of Jewish boxers I have known, I can recall only one who could be branded with the yellow streak, and he shall be nameless.

It is a fact that the Jewish boxer has shed more lustre on the ring than he has taken from it.

FROM the days of the early Prize Ring to the present time, the Jew has been prominent as a fighter, following in the footsteps of Daniel Mendoza, Dutch Sam and Young Dutch Sam, and, with rare exceptions, all have been noted for their gameness. American Jews have held many titles, and the East End of London has sent forth many notable champions.

It was an American Jew, Joe Choynski, who gave Jack Johnson his second defeat.

True, it was only Johnson's second fight as a professional, and he had already lost his first fight to a brother black named Klondyke, but we may well believe that Johnson was never easy to beat at any time. Choynski did much greater things than defeat Johnson in the great black's early days. He defeated many of the leading lights of his day, and fought a draw with Bob Fitzsimmons.

Choynski was never more than a middle-weight, yet he beat many of the world's best light-heavy-weights as well as heavy-weights, and won the majority of his contests by early knock-outs.

GREB GRABS THE TITLE.

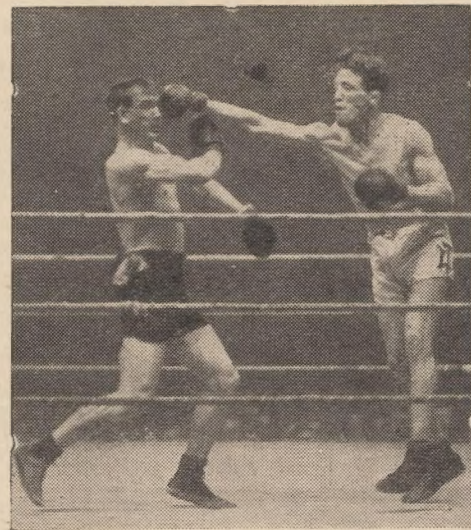
Two of the best light-heavy-weights to hold world titles were Battling Levinsky and Harry Greb.

Levinsky eventually lost his title to Gene Tunney after holding it for six years, and Tunney's hold on the title was very short-lived, as he lost it three months later to Greb.

A year later Greb successfully defended his title against Tommy Loughran, who was a fine boxer. Greb, however, was unable to keep his title when he met Tunney for the second time in New York. There was so little between the pair that they fought for the third time, when Tunney again received the verdict.

Tunney afterwards fought

KID LEWIS IN ACTION



as a heavy-weight, and won a fortune and the world's heavy-weight title by defeating Jack Dempsey.

I have quoted the few Jewish boxers who fought in the heavy-weight ranks. There were others, of course, but most of them shone in the lesser weight divisions.

In America they still speak of Benny Leonard as the greatest of all the light-weight champions. We may know that this is not unduly stressing the claim when it is considered that he won his title from our own Fred Welsh, who was the wildest ring-general it is possible to imagine. Not for nothing was he given the name of the Welsh Wizard.

If I am asked to name the Jew whom I consider to have been the most outstanding boxer, I have to hand the palm to Kid Lewis, who started out as a fly-weight and finished by fighting heavy-weights, although at his heaviest he was never more than 10st. 10lbs.

Lewis was a product of the East End of London. I saw him the first time he ever donned the gloves to box in a competition, and I refereed his first bout. The story is worth recalling.

THE JUDAEAN STABLES.

In a very dilapidated building in St. George's-in-the-East was the nursery of many future champions, known as the Judæan Club. It was above some large stables, and the big show of the week was held every Sunday afternoon.

As a club, one supposes it

should have been open only to members, but if you paid your price of admission at the top of the stairs you were a duly elected member for that afternoon.

If you wore a muffler and cloth cap you paid three-pence, but if you sported a collar and tie the price was sixpence, and no argument. It was the National Sporting Club in reverse, just the extreme at the other end.

The presiding genius was a genial soul named Sam Kite, a "fly" gentleman with no flies on him at any time.

His terms to the budding professionals of that day were eightpence for six rounds; and if any pair put what he considered to be an extra bit of ginger into their fight he would graciously provide a bottle of ginger ale and a slice of cake.

You may know that no Judæan boxer was ever likely to fall foul of the Income Tax authorities. Yet it was in its way a very effective forcing house for budding champions, and quite a formidable list could be made of first-rate boxers who gained their early experience in the club.

The proprietor had never been known to turn away customers just because there was no more room. Sardines were never packed more tightly. On my visits there, my only wonder was that the floor had not given way under its overloaded human cargo.

It was no surprise to me some years later to learn that the club had gone into involuntary liquidation by the simple process of the floor completely collapsing from under the strain it had stood for so many years.

The mass of spectators, complete with ring and boxers, were mixed up with flying timbers and wildly kicking Clydesdales trapped in their stalls. It was like a foretaste of the blitz that was to descend on this district so many years afterwards.

It was in this choice atmosphere of blood, toil and sweat, to say nothing of the mingling odour of the stables below, that on one hot summer Sunday afternoon I shared a chair with Mr. Wedgwood Benn, Member of Parliament for Whitechapel and St. George's. As the Judæan Club was in his constituency, he had presented a silver cup for an 8st. competition, and I had been asked to referee the bouts.

The reason for sharing the chair was that the only other available seat was occupied by the timekeeper and his custodian, whose business it was to see that his watch did not vanish into thin air!

Into the ring came a couple of youngsters to do battle for the glistening, hall-marked silver cup. One of them caught the eye immediately.

His was that ghastly pallor and frail-looking frame that called urgently for a bed in a sanatorium. As if echoing my own thoughts, Mr. Benn exclaimed, "My God! That boy is too ill to box. What do you think we ought to do about it?"

SICK, BUT SLICK.

Before we could even begin to debate the question the timekeeper had banged his gong, the boys had jumped into action, and then I had no doubt at all as to whether the sickly-looking lad should box.

"It would be a sin to stop this boy," I said, "he's a born boxer, if ever I've seen one." His straight left was superb in its timing and accuracy, and, with deadly purpose expressed on his pale, emotionless face, he-boxed with the skill of a veteran.

In short, he just waltzed away with the competition, beating all opponents with comparative ease.

His name was Gershom Mandeloff, which probably conveys very little to most people, but when I add that he took the ring name of Kid Lewis, and afterwards won British, European, Australian and world titles at various weights, it may be gathered that it would have been woefully mistaken kindness to have prevented him from boxing because he appeared to be a fit inmate for a hospital.

I shall recount a few of the more important of his fights at a later stage, and, for now, enough to say that Lewis was so popular in the United States that he never lacked engagements with the best at his weight in the land, which meant that he amassed a tidy fortune.

He bedecked all his relatives with diamonds and showered presents on his friends, old and new. Whenever he met any of his fellow-boxers who had failed to reach the heights, he never asked them if they were broke; he dived deeply into his pockets and gave with both hands.

Whitechapel was indeed proud of him, and Whitechapel worshipped his name. Had Lewis but kept to his sporting interests all would have been well, but, by some curious freak of fate, he was enticed into politics.

PUNCHES AND POLITICS.

It was not that Whitechapel objected to political activities; it was only the brand of politics that this place, above all others, had good reason to loathe and hate with a vehemence that was fully justified. Just 21 years after Lewis had launched himself on his career as a boxer, following the presentation of a silver cup by Mr. Wedgwood Benn, he stood as a candidate in the general election for this M.P.'s old constituency.

Did he get in with a thumping majority, do you ask?

Hardly that. Lewis had four votes for nothing, the remainder costing him £1 each. He polled 154 votes, and had to forfeit his deposit of £150.

Why this astonishing result? Not astonishing when I mention that he had become associated with Sir Oswald Mosley's British Fascist Party.

How on earth Lewis was ever persuaded to cast in his lot with that bunch is beyond me to explain. I must add that he cut loose from this party long before the war, but I wonder whether Whitechapel has ever forgiven him?

They're Digging Two Miles Under

GOLD mining at a depth of 10,000 feet, nearly two miles, is planned by a new South African company. This is 2,000 feet deeper than the lowest level at which mining has so far been carried on, and considerable technical problems, especially in dealing with the temperature, will have to be overcome.

New methods of air-conditioning and cooling the workers have made mining possible at depths which seemed fantastic to mining engineers even twenty years ago.

The seven deepest mines in the world are Crown Mines, Robinson Deep, Ooregum and Morro Velho, all 8,000 feet, and Champion Reef, City Deep and Mysore, over 7,500 feet.

A hundred years ago the deepest mine in the world was

a copper mine in the Tyrol at 2,764 feet.

These depths are measured from the mouth of the shaft, and do not represent depths below sea-level.

It is a curiosity that many of the deepest mines start in high country. The mines that go furthest below sea-level are Monwearmouth, Durham (1,513 feet) and Pearce's shaft, Cornwall (1,338 feet).

Although no man has yet been down to 10,000 feet, mining has been carried on at a greater depth by boring.

The deepest oil well is now over 14,000 feet below the surface, and responsible scientists believe that systems will be developed to enable oil to be tapped at depths of 20,000 and even 25,000 feet.

SKIN DEEP.

Yet the remarkable fact remains, that if you made a scale model of even the deepest well on a globe several feet in diameter, it would have to be represented by an almost invisible scratch!

All our knowledge of the interior of the earth is obtained by inference from earthquake shocks and our first-hand knowledge of the earth on which we live is limited to the mere skin of the crust.

Great ingenuity has been used in going deeper, particularly for oil. The great difficulty is to keep the drill vertical.

Now, amongst other devices, a small cinema camera

is used to photograph the position of a plumb bob thousands of feet below the surface!

The urge to dig deeper is, of course, that new "reserves" of minerals and oils are brought in. Exhausted oil fields have been made to yield hundreds of millions of additional barrels by driving new wells to a greater depth.

Gold reefs may dip downwards. For every few hundred feet they can be followed down, millions of pounds' worth of additional gold becomes available.

Oil-drillers have now learned to drive wells in a curve, the great advantage being that it makes tapping oil under the sea possible. A well is driven downwards and then made to turn under the sea.

The result has been the "reservation" of claims for oil as much as twenty miles out to sea!

T. S. DOUGLAS.

Concluding: HOW THE BRIGADIER RODE TO MINSK "HE DIED SNAPPING HIS TEETH"

By CONAN DOYLE

IN an ungracious fashion my Russian bear grunted his consent, and so I was led into the house, followed by the scowling father and by the big, black-bearded Dragoon. In the basement there was a large and roomy chamber, where the winter logs were stored. Thither it was that I was led, and I was given to understand that this was to be my lodging for the night.

One side of this bleak apartment was heaped up to the ceiling with faggots of firewood. The rest of the room was stone-flagged and bare-walled, with a single, deep-set window upon one side, which was safely guarded with iron bars. For light I had a large stable lantern, which swung from a beam of the low ceiling.

Major Sergine smiled as he took this down, and swung it round so as to throw its light into every corner of that dreary chamber.

"How do you like our Russian hotels, monsieur?" he asked, with his hateful sneer. "They are not very grand, but they are the best that we can give you. Perhaps the next time that you Frenchmen take a fancy to travel you will choose some other country where they will make you more comfortable."

He stood laughing at me, his white teeth gleaming through his beard. Then he left me, and I heard the great key creak in the lock.

For an hour of utter misery, chilled in body and soul, I sat upon a pile of faggots, my face sunk upon my hands and my mind full of the saddest thoughts. It was cold enough within those four walls, but I thought of the sufferings of my poor troopers outside, and I sorrowed with their sorrow.

Then I paced up and down, and I clapped my hands together and kicked my feet against the walls to keep them from being frozen. The lamp gave out some warmth, but still it was bitterly cold, and I had had no food since morning.

It seemed to me that everyone had forgotten me, but at last I heard the key turn in the lock, and who should enter but my prisoner of the morning, Captain Alexis Barakoff. A bottle of wine projected from under his arm, and he carried a great plate of hot stew in front of him.

"Hush!" said he; "not a word! Keep up your heart! I cannot stop to explain, for Sergine is still with us. Keep

awake and ready!" With these hurried words he laid down the welcome food and ran out of the room.

"Keep awake and ready!" The words rang in my ears. I ate my food and I drank my wine, but it was neither food nor wine which had warmed the heart within me. What could those words of Barakoff mean? Why was I to remain awake? For what was I to be ready? Was it possible that there was a chance yet of escape?

I have never respected the man who neglects his prayers at all other times and yet prays when he is in peril.

QUIZ for today

- Bohea is an Indian war-cry, kind of tea, tobacco leaf, bone in the foot, Kaffir weapon, form of magic?
- Who wrote (a) The Gilded Age, (b) The Golden Bowl?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Kent, Surrey, Lancashire, Cumberland, Dorset, Radnor, Rutland?
- Which is further north, Glasgow or Edinburgh?
- Of what wood are the best lead pencils made?
- How many flowers appear on a 2d. stamp, and what are they?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt: Calisthenics, Symmetrical, Repellant, Debenture, Essentiality?
- What rank in the R.A.F. is equivalent to a Midshipman?
- Who was Tom Faggus?
- Who wrote under the name of Boz?
- What is the county town of Sussex?
- Complete the phrases, (a) As dry as a —, (b) As tired as a —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 214

- Donkey.
- (a) G. B. Shaw, (b) W. S. Gilbert.
- Goose is web-footed; the others are not.
- River Eden.
- March.
- Palomar Mountain, California.
- Peremptory, Fascinating.
- Second Officer.
- St. Denis.
- Reading.
- 36.
- (a) Croesus, (b) Church mouse.

It is like a bad soldier who pays no respect to the colonel save when he would demand a favour of him.

And yet when I thought of the salt-mines of Siberia on the one side and of my mother in France upon the other, I could not help a prayer rising, not from my lips, but from my heart, that the words of Barakoff might mean all that I hoped.

But hour after hour struck upon the village clock, and still I heard nothing save the call of the Russian sentries in the street outside.

Then at last my heart leaped within me, for I heard a light step in the passage. An instant later the key turned, the door opened, and Sophie was in the room.

"Monsieur—" she cried.

"Etienne," said I.

"Nothing will change you," said she. "But is it possible that you do not hate me? Have you forgiven me the trick which I played you?"

"What trick?" I asked.

"Good heavens! Is it possible that even now you have not understood it? You asked me to translate the despatch. I have told you that it meant 'If the French come to Minsk all is lost.'"

"What did it mean, then?"

"It means, 'Let the French come to Minsk. We are awaiting them.'"

I sprang back from her.

"You betrayed me!" I cried.

"You lured me into this trap. It is to you that I owe the death and capture of my men. Fool that I was to trust a woman!"

"Do not be unjust, Colonel Gerard. I am a Russian woman, and my first duty is to my country. Would you not wish a French girl to have acted as I have done? Had I translated the message correctly you would not have gone to Minsk and your squadron would have escaped. Tell me that you forgive me!"

She looked bewitching as she stood pleading her cause in front of me. And yet, as I thought of my dead men, I could not take the hand which she held out to me.

"Very good," said she, as she dropped it by her side. "You feel for your own people and I feel for mine, and so we are equal. But you have said one wise and kindly thing within these walls, Colonel Gerard. You have said, 'One man more or less can make no difference in a struggle between two great armies.' Your lesson of nobility is not wasted. Behind those faggots is an unguarded door. Here is the key to it. Go forth, Colonel Gerard, and I trust that we

may never look upon each other's faces again."

I stood for an instant with the key in my hand and my head in a whirl. Then I handed it back to her.

"I cannot do it," I said.

"Why not?"

"I have given my parole."

"To whom?" she asked.

"Why, to you."

"And I release you from it."

My heart bounded with joy. Of course, it was true what she said. I had refused to give my parole to Sergine. I owed him no duty. If she relieved me from my promise my honour was clear. I took the key from her hand.

"You will find Captain Barakoff at the end of the village street," she said. "We of the North never forget either an injury or a kindness. He has your mare and your sword waiting for you. Do not delay an instant, for in two hours it will be dawn."

So I passed out into the starlit Russian night, and had that last glimpse of Sophie as she

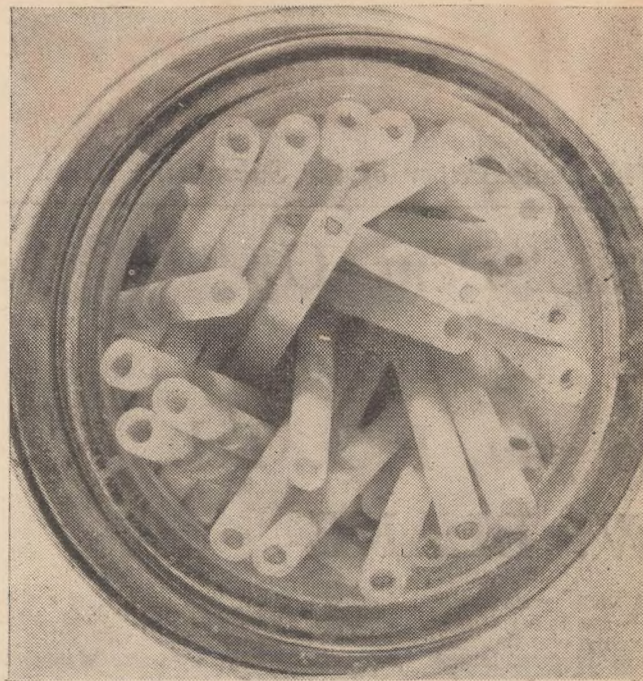
WANGLING WORDS—170

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after R, to make a word meaning a bugbear.
- Rearrange the letters of BUSY RELAY, to make an English county town.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: EARLY into WORMS, DOWN into EAST, BABY into DOLL, SNAIL into SHELL.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from DESICCATED?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 169

- ARTICULAR.
- CAMBRIDGE.
- CORN, CORK, COCK, ROCK, RICK.
- ALE, ALL, AIL, AIM, DIM, HIM, HIT, PIT, POT.
- CASH, CASE, CARE, CARS, TARS, TAPS, TOPS, MOPS, MOWS, MOWN, DOWN.
- KING, LING, LINK, LANK, LACK, JACK.
- Port, Plot, Palm, Root, Plat, Pool, Loop, Mast, Last, Rats, Tops, Spot, Spat, Maps, Slap, Pals, Plop, Slop, Soap, Fool, Loot, etc.
- Stamp, Palms, Sport, Parts, Psalm, Ports, Strap, Tools, Roast, Roost, Spoor, Roots, Roams, Motor, Troop, Moors, Looms, etc.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 214: Matches in Ash Tray.

peered after me through the open door.

She looked wistfully at me, as if she expected something more than the cold thanks which I gave her, but even the humblest man has his pride, and I will not deny that mine was hurt by the deception which she had played upon me.

I could not have brought myself to kiss her hand, far less her lips. The door led into a narrow alley, and at the end of it stood a muffled figure who held Violette by the bridle.

"You told me to be kind to the next French officer whom I found in distress," said he. "Good luck! Bon voyage!" he whispered, as I bounded into the saddle. "Remember, 'Poltava' is the watchword."

It was well that he had given it to me, for twice I had to pass Cossack pickets before I was clear of the lines. I had just ridden past the last vedettes and hoped that I was a free man again, when there was a soft thudding in the snow behind me, and a heavy man upon a great black horse came swiftly after me. My first impulse was to put spurs to Violette. My second, as I saw a long black beard against a steel cuirass, was to halt and await him.

"I thought that it was you, you dog of a Frenchman," he cried, shaking his drawn sword at me. "So you have broken

your parole, you rascal?"

"I gave no parole."

"You lie, you hound!"

I looked around and no one was coming. The vedettes were motionless and distant. We were all alone, with the moon above and the snow beneath. Fortune has ever been my friend.

"I gave you no parole."

"You gave it to the lady."

"Then I will answer for it to the lady."

"That would suit you better, no doubt. But, unfortunately, you will have to answer for it to me."

"I am ready."

"Your sword, too! There is treason in this! Ah, I see it all! The woman has helped you. She shall see Siberia for this night's work."

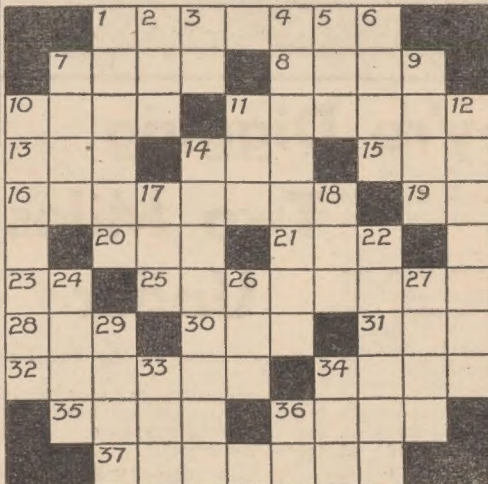
The words were his death-warrant. For Sophie's sake I could not let him go back alive. Our blades crossed, and an instant later mine was through his black beard and deep in his throat.

I was on the ground almost as soon as he, but the one thrust was enough. He died, snapping his teeth at my ankles like a savage wolf.

Two days later I had rejoined the army at Smolensk, and was a part once more of that dreary procession which tramped onwards through the snow, leaving a long weal of blood to show the path which it had taken.

END

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Shell fish.
- Small horse.
- Blackbird.
- Purplish brown.
- Obstruct.
- Tire.
- Study.
- Potato leaf-bud.
- Climbing plant.
- Short street.
- Difficulty.
- Achieved.
- Pronoun.
- Widening.
- Meshed fabric.
- Be drowsy.
- Ox-like antelope.
- Top room.
- Paddy.
- Debatable.
- Fruit.
- Abandoned.

CLUES DOWN.

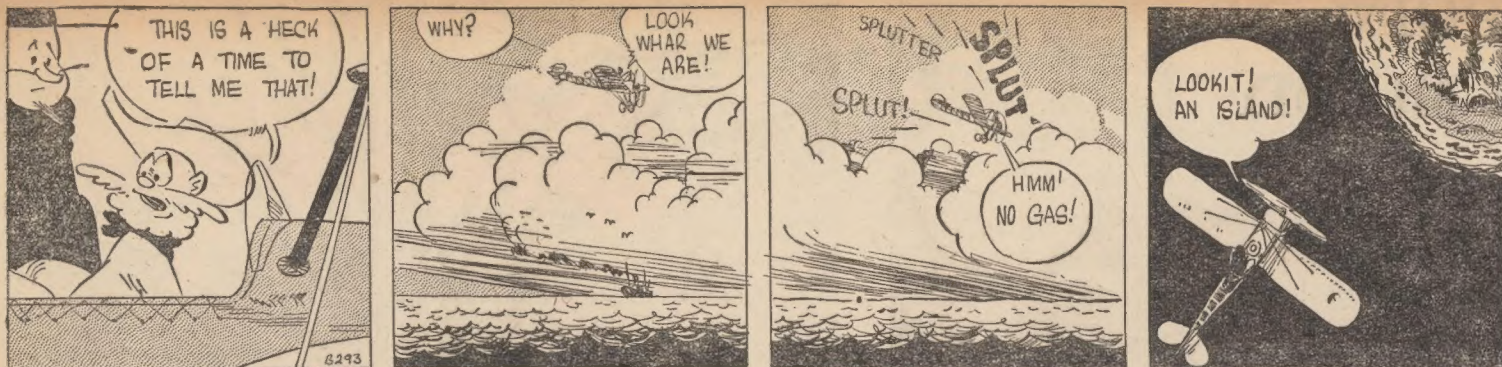
- Small cupboard.
- Number.
- Aside.
- British is and in Atlantic.
- Space of time.
- Travelled by conveyance.
- Ribbed knitting.
- Piano levers.
- Gathering.
- Pungent.
- Suite.
- Display cases.
- Sludge.
- Perch.
- Figures.
- Set of animals.
- Large amount.
- As soon as.
- Stepped.
- Deer.
- Turncoat.

SWISH JAM W
CORA KIBOSH
ROLLS BATHE
ELEVEN CHAT
W REMARKED
R ROVE REP
PEG LEVEL I
AMATI U YAP
DOMINOES BE
VENAL ADUR
ZEST DEPOTS

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



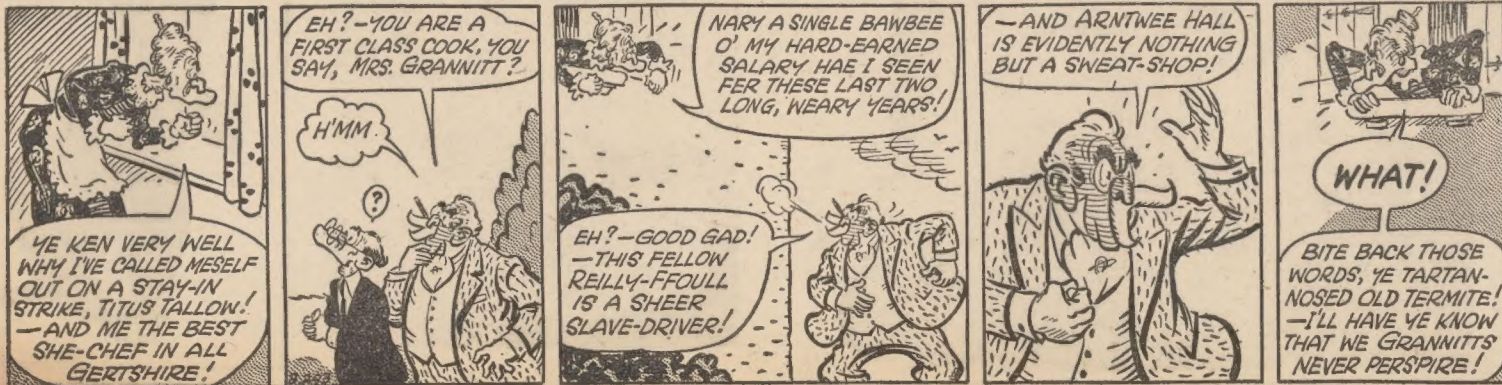
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



NEWS FROM NOWHERE

By ODO DREW

(The Modern Baron Munchausen)

POST-WAR PLANNING-OFFICIAL.

IN view of the great interest taken, especially by men in the Services, on the subject of post-war planning, "Good Morning" has asked for an official statement on the subject. The newly appointed Minister without Portmanteau (or even handbag) who is now considering the many and various plans that have been put forward, outlines, in the following, the policy he has, after careful consideration, decided to adopt. It is unnecessary to stress the vital importance of his communication. He writes:-

"We must all realise that whilst the improbable is possible, it is highly improbable that the impossible will ever be practicable, at any rate, to a major degree. How can this be otherwise, since Nature abhors a vacuum?"

"I would even go so far as to say that an ad hoc policy can never be justified. It is only by not crossing our bridges until our backs are against a wall that we can attain the ne plus ultra of laissez-faire. In other words, nations must align themselves, at least centrifugally, if not centripetally, on a common axiomatic integration."

"From this it should be evident that any spiritual enigmism can never be other than symbolic. I am well aware that an objection may be raised to this theory of relative negativity on the grounds of its being redundant, though I do not think that is so; but I can see no justification whatever for any uneasiness at the growing tendency towards negative relativity. The laws of gravity, surely, form an impassable barrier."

The Minister adds that he welcomes the opportunity of clearing the air and of dotting the i's and crossing the t's of his department's policy.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

COMMENCING shortly, the war's greatest thriller, by that master of horror, Richards Male Millier.

The story of a girl who didn't ought to have done it. But she did, and she fell. Boys, did she come a purler? We'll say she did. And how!

There's gore on every page; lies, deception, treachery in every instalment; double-dealing, heartless betrayal, callous cruelty in every chapter. Every cupboard is crammed jam-full with skeletons. Every paragraph pulsates with passion.

Order your copy now to avoid disappointment, and tell your friends to look out for "There's blood on the aspidistra." In 366 instalments, 1944 being a Leap Year.

It takes the lid off the world's worst sewer. You can smell it a mile off. You mustn't miss it. You'll love it. Don't forget the title, "Wife, Widow or Wanton."

STRANGE EXHIBITION.

ONE of the most remarkable exhibitions of recent years is now being staged in London, its chief features being cattle and sheep which are no larger than an ordinary mouse.

The story of how they were obtained is told by a Mr. Gulliver, and his bona-fides are vouched for by no less well-known a person than Dean Swift.

Gulliver, so it appears, was wrecked whilst on the way to the South Seas, and found himself cast up on an island inhabited by dwarfs whose height did not exceed six inches.

These people seem to have been highly civilised and politically well organised. There were two main parties in the state, and their chief difference was that the one insisted on wearing high-heeled shoes and the other low ones.

Shortly after Gulliver's arrival they were invaded by the inhabitants of a neighbouring island, the question at issue being whether eggs should be broken at the bigger or smaller end.

The matter had been referred to arbitration, but the arbitrators, having arbitrated, refused to enforce their decision.

A fascinating story of the customs in Lilliput (the name of the island) is told by Gulliver. Fraud, he states, is regarded as more serious than theft; every law-abiding citizen gets a title and money; high positions go to people with good morals rather than great abilities; the death penalty is inflicted for ingratitude; parents are not considered capable of bringing up their own children.

These are but a few of the strange things that happen in Lilliput; and we can only recommend readers to visit the exhibition themselves.

Mr. Gulliver, incidentally, has only been in this country a few months, escaping from Lilliput rather less than a year ago.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE engagement is announced of Odo Drew and Influenza, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of New Monier.

It will be remembered that the marriage of Mr. Drew to Magnesia, widow of the Greek statesman, M. Gastritis, was dissolved recently by the Metropolitan Water Board.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

"I'M DOING IT AGAIN MUMMY"



"For pity's sake shake some over here. A sparrow's share won't break you."



This England

A quiet country lane in Newnham, Herts, near the borders of Beds. and Cambs.



If you're looking for a shoulder on which to lean, here it is boys. Belongs to Mary Martin, young singing star who skyrocketed into fame overnight and gained a long-term Paramount contract. Fancy being able to sing... as well.



★ "SAY ANY-THING RUDE ABOUT ME AND I'LL DO YER" ★

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Fine feathers don't always make fine birds, obviously"

